Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lord of *Gloceſter* hath conueyed him hence,
Some fiue or ſixe and thirty of his Knights hot queſtrits after him, met him at gate, who with ſome other of the Lords dependants are gone with him towards *Douer*, where they boaſt to haue well armed friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your miſtris.

Gon. Farwell ſweet Lord and ſiſter.

Exit Gon. and Baſt.

Corn. Edmund farwell: go ſeeke the traitor *Gloceſter*,
Pinion him like a theefe, bring him before vs,
Though we may not paſſe vpon his life
Without the forme of iuſtice, yet our power
Shall do a curteſie to our wrath, which men may blame
But not controle; who's there, the traitor?

Enter Gloceſter, brought in by two or three.

Reg. Ingratefull Fox tis he.

Corn. Binde faſt his corky armes.

Gloſt. What meanes your Graces, good my friends conſider,
You are my gueſts, do me no foule play friends.

Corn. Binde him I ſay.

Reg. Hard, hard, O filthy traitor!

Gloſt. Vnmercifull Lady as you are, I am true.

Corn. To this chaire binde him, villaine thou ſhalt find——

Gloſt. By the kinde Gods tis moſt ignobly done, to plucke me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and ſuch a Traitor, (my chin,

Gloſt. Naughty Lady, theſe haires which thou doſt rauiſh frō
Will quicken and accuſe thee, I am your hoſt:
With robbers hands, my hoſpitable fauours
You ſhould not ruffell thus, what will you do?

Corn. Come ſir, what letters had you late from *France*?

Reg. Be ſimple anſwerer, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy haue you with the traitors lately footed in the kingdome?

Reg. To whoſe hands haue you ſent the lunaticke king, ſpeak?

Gloſt.

Gloſt. I haue a letter gueſſingly ſet downe,
Which came from one that's of a neutrall heart
And not from one oppoſed.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And falſe.

Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the King?

Gloſt. To *Douer*.

Reg. Wherefore to *Douer*? waſt thou not cha

Corn. Wherefore to *Douer*? let him firſt anſw

Gloſt. I am tide tot'h ſtake, and I muſt ſtand th

Reg. Wherefore to *Douer* ſir?

Gloſt. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruell nayl
Plucke out his poore olde eyes, nor thy fierce ſi
In his aurynted fleſh raſh boriſh phangs,
The ſea with ſuch a ſtorme of his lou'd head
In hell blacke night endur'd, would haue laid v
And quencht the ſteeled fires, yet poore old hea
He holpt the heauens to rage;
If Wolues had at thy gate heard that dearne ti
Thou ſhouldſt haue ſaid, good Porter turne the
All cruels elſe ſubſcrib'd, but I ſhall ſee
The winged vengeance ouertake ſuch children.

Corn. See't ſhalt thou neuer, fellowes hold th
Vpon thoſe eies of thine, Ile ſet my foote.

Gloſt. He that will thinke to liue till he be ol
Giue me ſome helpe, ô cruell, ô ye Gods!

Reg. One ſide will mocke another, tother to.

Corn. If you ſee vengeance——

Seruant. Hold your hand my Lord,
I haue ſeru'd you euer ſince I was a childe,
But better ſeruice haue I neuer dōne you, then

Reg. How now you dog.

Ser. If you did weare a beard vpon your chi
this quarrell, what do you meane?

Corn. My villaine. *Draw a*

Ser. Why then come on, and take the chance

Reg. Giue me thy ſword, a peſant ſtand vp thu